Confident and in control by BillysHardgrove

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Summary:

Billy goes out to a gay bar far outside of Hawkins and runs into the last person he expected to find there, looking absolutely gorgeous.

Confident and in control

Author's Note:

> Okay, instead of the usual soft shy femme steve, this is steve dripping with sex and he knows he looks good and he is confident and in control.

There's this gay bar in a city near Hawkins, about an hour drive away. Billy knows he shouldn't go, it's too close and too fucking risky, but he just needs it sometimes. It's a hole in the wall really with low lighting and toilets that never seem to flush, but the people are warm and open and Billy craves it. He craves the freedom and the acceptance and although he had exchanged messy blowjobs with more than one of the patrons, it was the simple affection he was after most.

It was a Friday night and Billy had been tightly wound the entire week, anger constantly vibrating under his skin. He was lashing out at Max every chance he got and picked fights with every asshole that dared to look at him wrong. The bursts of aggression helped a bit, but the anger burned up again every time Steve Harrington practically grinded up against him during basketball practice. He knew he needed to wind down before he did something stupid like kill someone or kiss Harrington and there was only one place he wanted to go right now.

Billy checked himself out one last time in the mirror before sneaking out the front door and climbing in his Camaro. He did enjoy the long drive, the wind blowing through his hair and music blasting, but still relieve washed over him when the backalley entrance of the bar came into sight. He was already more relaxed than he had been this whole week as he parked his car and went up to the nondescript door.

Billy pushed it open and he let the wave of sound roll over him, enjoying the familiarity of the place. Soft pop music was playing and the crowd was buzzing, people were either dancing or chatting happily and a certain electricity hung in the air. Billy could feel it vibrating under his skin and he felt alive with the possibilities of the

night.

He scanned the crowd with a soft smile on his face and was about to make his way up to the bar, when his eyes caught a familiar head of wild brown hair.

Billy almost stumbles back in shock, his instincts telling him to get the fuck out of there, but his entire body is frozen in place and he can't help but stare. Standing at the bar is none other than King Steve, looking like he walked straight out of Billy's wet dreams. The boy was wearing a tightly fitted crop top that showed off his lean muscles, and black, ripped jeans that hung low on his hips and hugged his ass. The volume of his hair was even more ridiculous than usual and even from a distance, Billy could make out the heavy eyeliner and the glitter that was smushed across his cheeks. The pale boy looked absolutely gorgeous, but the thing that made Billy's mouth run dry were the boots. Steve was wearing black, heeled platform boots that reached almost to his knees that had Billy feeling hot all over.

He couldn't tear his gaze away from the boy. Steve was leaning back against the bar as he smiled seductively at this guy that was wrapped around his finger. The guy leaned in close to whisper something in Steve's ear and Billy's eyes narrowed at the way Steve giggled at the words.

Billy felt jealousy settling low in his gut, but mostly he was just overwhelmed with a feeling of awe when he looked at the boy. Steve looked absolutely edible, but what struck him most was how relaxed and *alive* he was. He had heard so many stories about *King Steve*, but Billy could never really match those stories with the Steve he knew. The boy usually just looked exhausted and annoyed. Seeing him now though, Billy could clearly see how he gained the nickname. The way Steve clearly dominated the room, fully aware that all eyes were on him while he played with the attention, confidence rolling off of him had Billy half hard already.

Steve was still flirting with the guy, a hand lightly touching his arm, when his gaze wandered around the bar for a moment. His soft smile dropped instantly as he spotted Billy standing near the door. His eyes went wide in shock for a moment, before narrowing in a glare. His

features hardened as Steve pushed himself off the bar and began stalking towards Billy, his eyes never leaving the blond boy's.

Billy barely had time to admire how gracefully Steve moved in the high heels, before the other boy shoved him up against the wall, the hand pressed against his bare chest hot and forceful. Steve crowded up against him and Billy swallowed as he noticed how much taller than him Steve was in his heels.

'Look asshole, I don't know what you're doing here or how you found me, but if you say anything to anyone about this I will *end* you.' Steve spat out, anger burning in his eyes.

Seeing that fire brought Billy back to himself and his shit-eating grin appeared back on his face.

'Woah woah, calm down, pretty boy, I didn't know you were gonna be here,' he practically purred, hands raised in surrender.

Steve rolled his eyes at the pet name and he gave the boy another shove.

'Then why are you here? Are you seriously going that far out of your way to harass people?'

Billy snorted. 'Isn't it obvious?' He looked up suggestively through his long lashes as his tongue darted out to lick his lips.

Steve's eyes flicked down for a moment to follow the movement and a hint of confusion flashed across his still angry-looking face.

Billy grinned as he pressed forward, tilting his head up so his lips were ghosting over Steve's ear.

'It's a good thing you're so fucking pretty, because you really aren't that quick, are you?' he whispered as he slid his rough hands over Steve's exposed back down to his ass. He licked the pulsepoint in Steve's neck before biting down and sucking in earnest.

Steve couldn't suppress a shudder at the sensation and closed his eyes.

'What the fuck are you playing at, Hargrove?' He went for angry, but the words came out breathlessly.

Billy let out a low chuckle as he decided to just show Steve. He grabbed his ass a bit more forcefully as he pulled the older boy closer, grinding their hips together. He watched Steve's face in amusement as it showed arousal followed by surprise when he noticed what was unmistakably Billy's erection press into his thigh.

'Wait, you-? You're-?,' Steve stammered when realisation dawned on him and he pulled away slightly to look at the blond.

'Since the day I was born,' Billy smirked before adding in a much lower voice, 'and fuck, Harrington, you know how to clean up.'

Steve blinked for a second, but quickly regained his composure when he heard the compliment. This was familiar territory for him, he knew when a guy lusted after him and he knew how to drive them mad. He got a hungry look in his eyes as he pressed his body up against Billy.

The shorter boy let out a whimper when he noticed that Steve too was filling up.

'That I do,' Steve said huskily.

Their eyes met shortly, but Billy didn't backed down, so Steve dove down to capture his lips. The kiss was heated and messy. Both of them battled for dominance, but Steve won easily when he palmed Billy's cock through his jeans. Billy moaned in the kiss as he bucked up desperately into Steve's hand.

'So needy, aren't you, Hargrove?' Steve purred against his mouth, but let out a small gasp when he felt Billy's hand stroke his belly and slip under his top to play with his nipples.

Steve lips found Billy's again, hands cupping his ass as he grinded into him a couple of times.

Billy arched into the touch, groaning deep in his throat as his dick ached for relief. He felt like he could cum right there from the delicious friction, looking at Steve's beautiful face that hovered so

close to his.

Billy wanted more though and he was acutely aware that they were still surrounded by people. Billy grabbed Steve's hips, fingers digging into his sides as he forced the older boy to stop moving.

'B-bathroom,' Billy barely managed to choke out as Steve looked down at him questioningly. He was panting hard and tried to push Steve towards the filthy backroom that was often used for desperate hook-ups.

Steve didn't move however and Billy looked up at him, doubt flashing over his face.

'Billy, I'm not gonna fuck in a nasty cubicle,' Steve said, one eyebrow raised.

'Wait, you wanna-?' Billy's eyes widened in arousal. He hadn't expected anything more than a blowjob and hearing Steve speak so boldly did things to him.

Steve grinned at Billy's dumbstruck expression. He let one hand trail down Billy's chiselled chest as he leaned in close to whisper in his ear.

'I already loosened myself up in my car before I came in.'

Billy almost came undone hearing those words, the image of Steve fingering himself in his car making his cock ache for release and he couldn't suppress the whiny sound that passed his lips. He tried to go for a grin, but he was so turned on he could only gape, pupils blown wide.

'Let's get the fuck outta here, Hargrove,' Steve said as he grabbed Billy's wrists and turned on his heels. He shot a sly smile over his shoulder and tugged Billy along.

Steve spotted Billy's Camaro easily and bounded over to it, Billy following in a daze as he stared hungrily at Steve. He hummed appreciatively as his eyes followed the movements of his ass and his long legs that looked sinfully good in those damn boots.

‘Come on, hot stuff, get in the car,’ Steve said in a demanding tone. ‘There’s an empty lot not far from here where we can park.’

Steve had clearly done this before, but the way he took charge only turned Billy on more. He followed Steve’s directions, barely paying attention to the road. He couldn’t drag his eyes away from Steve, who was shamelessly stripping in the passenger seat.

Steve knew exactly what he had to do to drive the other boy crazy. He let his hands roam over his own chest, fingers circling his nipples, before pulling the crop top up over his head.

‘Take a left here.’

He pushed one of his knees to his chest to slowly push the boot over his ankle, opening up his legs as far as he could, while biting his lips. He held Billy’s gaze as he switched legs and took off the other boot.

‘Left again.’

Steve glared when Billy took his eyes off of him for more than a few seconds to watch the road. He demanded his attention again by palming himself through his jeans and letting out a deep, drawn-out moan. He grinned widely when Billy’s eyes snapped back to him immediately, a twinkle in his eyes because of his victory. His long fingers ghosted over his bulge again, before moving up to unbutton his jeans.

‘Take a right, it’s the lot over there.’

Steve pushed his jeans and his underwear down slowly, bucking his hips obscenely as he wriggled out of them. Once completely naked, Steve lounged back in the car seat, smiling provocatively and slowly pulling at his throbbing dick.

As soon as Billy had hastily parked the car, he immediately started to tug down his own jeans, staring open-mouthed at Steve, who was sprawled out naked on his passenger seat. He looked beautiful and absolutely filthy with his thick, flushed cock already leaking an obscene amount of precum.

Steve moved to throw the abandoned articles of clothing to the

backseat to make more room, but Billy grabbed his wrist forcefully.

‘Put the boots back on, baby,’ Billy said in a low, gravelly voice.

Steve’s pupils were blown wide as he nodded and quickly pulled the boots back over his calves, while Billy shoved down his pants.

Both boys were breathing hard when Steve surged forward and straddled Billy, capturing his lips in a messy kiss. His hands gripping the blond curls as he ground down hard in Billy’s lap.

Billy let out a throaty moan at the friction. He grabbed Steve’s ass with one hand as he snaked the other between their belly’s, gripping their cocks and jerking them slowly, surprised at the slickness.

‘Fuck, Steve, you’re so wet,’ he muttered, glancing down at the precum welling up at the head of Steve’s cock.

‘Yeah, I-‘ Steve interrupts himself with a moan at the flick of Billy’s wrist. ‘Use it as lube,’ he orders breathily, loving how Billy bucks his hips involuntarily at the words.

‘Fuck, you’re so fucking filthy,’ Billy chokes out and he does as he’s told, slicking up his hand before reaching around to Steve’s ass.

He circles a finger over Steve’s hole, slapping his ass lightly with his other hand, before pushing in slowly. Steve’s ass clenches around his finger, but he bottoms out relatively soon due to his preparations. Billy slowly works in another two fingers and starts pumping them in, picking up the pace once he sees Steve throw his head back, pleasure all over his face.

‘You’re so beautiful,’ Billy muttered, lapping at Steve’s neck, ‘Fuck, I always thought you were hot, but when I saw you tonight… Goddamnit Steve, I nearly came the moment I laid eyes on you.’

Steve whined at his words, but still managed to shoot Billy a suggestive grin that drove the other boy crazy with desire.

Billy groaned and swiftly pulled his fingers out, enjoying the way the pale boy moaned softly at the loss of sensation. He positioned his cock against the other boy's hole and carefully started to push in.

But Steve had other plans and he slammed his hips down, taking in Billy in one go.

Billy let out a loud moan as he felt Steve's tight heat all around his cock. It took every bit of willpower in him to grab Steve's hip and hold him in place. He knew that this must hurt and Billy looked up questioningly at the beautiful boy in his lap, chest heaving from his ragged breaths.

'Don't go easy on me, Hargrove, I can take it,' Steve bit out and even though the pain was clearly visible on his face, that was all Billy needed to start moving.

He started pushing into Steve hard and fast, quickly building up a rhythm as he watched the pale boy breathlessly.

He had never been *this* into sex before. The older boy just fucked him up completely. He looked so damn hot, knees on either side of him, those damn boots digging into his shins.

'Yeah baby, that's it. You feel so good around me, fuck, you're hot,' Billy muttered between ragged breaths.

He started angling his thrusts until he hit the bundle of nerves that had Steve crying out in pleasure.

Billy groaned when he felt nails scraping over his scull as Steve slid one hand down to grip the blond boy's shoulder for support.

As he pounded into that same spot over and over again, Billy felt his own orgasm approaching. The sensation of Steve's ass clenched around him, combined with his sobs of pleasure were too intense for him to last very long.

'Fuck, Steve,' he groaned. 'I'm gonna-.'

Billy cut himself off with an obscene moan as he came, buried deep inside of Steve. His entire body shuddered and Billy could see stars as waves of pleasure course through him.

Steve kept riding him through the aftershocks of his orgasm, giving Billy no time to recover as he chased his own climax.

Billy dazedly grabbed hold of Steve's throbbing cock to help him over the edge.

Billy moaned throatily when he noticed exactly how wet the other boy had gotten. His own chest was covered in precum and Steve's cock was slippery in his hands. Billy squeezed the base and started pumping his fist in time with Steve's rhythm. He kept thrusting up, meeting Steve's hips every time the boy slammed down on him. He hissed at the sensation of Steve's tight ass dragging over his sensitive dick, but it didn't take long for the other boy to finish.

Steve threw his head back, eyes closed as he cried out in ecstasy . Thick ribbons of cum shot over Billy's hand and chest and he milked the boy for every drop.

Billy watched the boy come down from his high, completely awestruck at his beauty. Before he could stop himself he reached his hand up to push some of the messy brown locks out of Steve's face and stroke his cheeks.

Steve opened his eyes and stared at Billy, marvelling at how fucked out the boy looked covered in his cum, still breathing heavily.

He smiled softly.

'You got glitter all over your face, lover boy,' he grinned as he kissed Billy sweetly.

Author's Note:

billys-hard-grove on tumblr